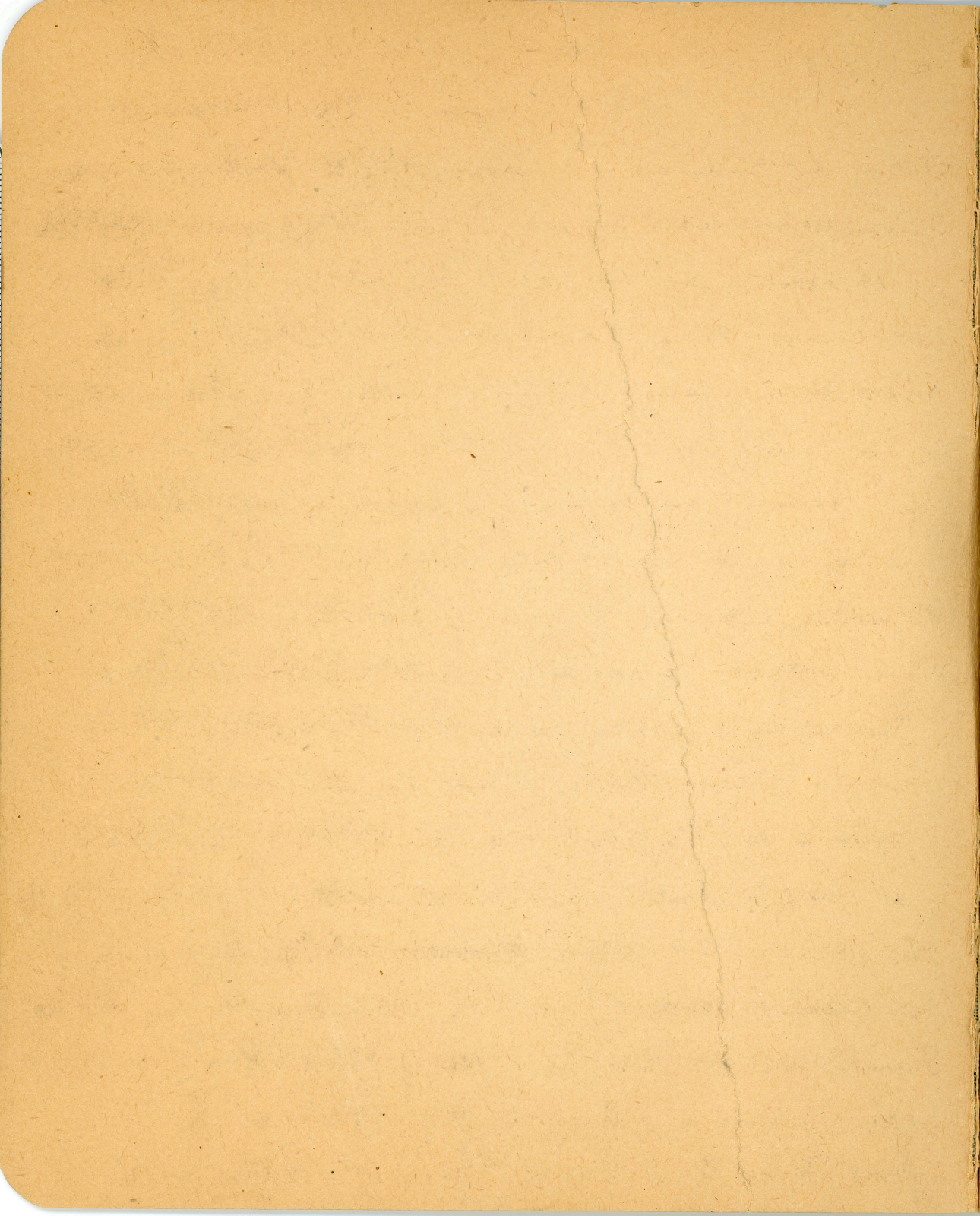


Exercise
Folio



Aug 8 9 10 11 The moon at 6 am 63. Moon 1.03

Nothing of much importance
except we have found Musk Rat and three
cotton rats and we find that Bishop's at Libola
is 15 miles away down the River and still
we cannot hear much about the Chuckwalla
road some people say it is a good place and
easy others say no water bad roads and
no Mountain Sheep. So Frank has made
up his mind to go to Bishop's in the hope
of hearing something that he may require.
It is ~~15~~ 7 miles to Hodges and about
7 more to a lagoon where we stop and
Frank went with a team about a mile
further to the Ferry ^{on} August 12. We hear
that there is deer and Mountain Sheep here
but Frank sees no chance of Beaver and
we shall probably go the Chuckwalla Road
Frank went over the river to Bishop's they have
a fine place he tells me he brought home
some Tomatoes Corn Water melons and

At 29 palms on
Monday there
came ground camp
a Western
Tanager it was
the most tame
dear little thing I
ever saw it ~~eat~~
caught it lies to
rest and work
its beak into
the blossoms of the
the tree quete
that grow round

well this dear
little bird let
me put my finger
within its beak
and of it I feel
we stayed I could
soon have held
it in my hand
it got confidence
enough to fly
on alone and
it flew onto Mr
Brundage's shoulder
it was quite fearless

Musk Melons they taste good to us for we
are tired of desert fare. August 13 Frank
has gone on a reconnoitering trip with Young
Brooks this morning to see if they can find
Frank brought home a ^{further} weighed by the
any sign of Deer and Mountain Sheep.

Where we are now is called The Point of the
Mountain a very jagged range of mountains
are seen across the River and a cone
shaped mountain on this side while to
the right of that is a jagged range looking
as tho it is a part of some range on the other
side and away in the distance is the Chuck
walla Mountain still a little to the right.
This valley extends from perhaps 15 miles
above Eternburg to here a flat plain with
nothing but Mesquite growing on it here the
Mountain comes with a very gradual slope
to the river of course this slope is cut up
into washes and little hills in all directions
but the gravelly soil is quite sharply de-
fined right here. Carl is trying to fish but

The only thing he has caught yet is a snag we were told that a piece of bacon was the proper bait to catch Irony tail and then a piece of Irony tail to catch a salmon. Carl caught a salmon which was good eating it weighed 1^{lb} 14³ but right here I wish to state that the altitude is 1400 and still we see the Opuntia Basilaria it is the most widely spread cactus I have seen we found it at an altitude of 6300 the highest we have been on this journey on the Hualapapai Mountain and it is here near the bank of the Colorado river. This large flat valley grows no cactuses at all the almost the only trees are the Mesquite and screw bean while Pala verde is said to be here and the people wish to name this valley Pala Verde Valley. Now I said before that the foot of the mountain comes down to here and it is on this slope not 50 yards away that this Basilaria lives and I have seen no other kind of cactus here yet. It does not grow round Witch Creek but I have found it up at Oak Grove.

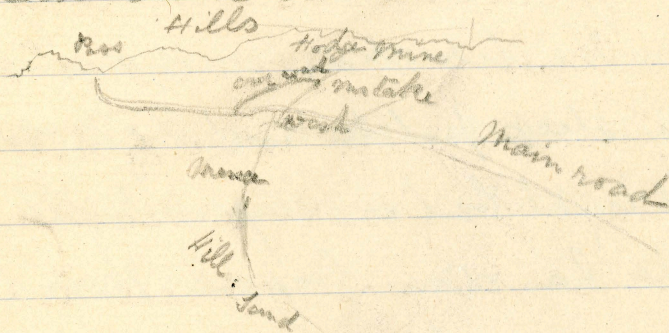
Aug 14 Frank saw two deer yesterday
while out with one of the Bishop boys
and they intend going on a good hunt
in a day or two Frank has gone over the
River today to see about it I have but
little to do and time hangs on my hands
a very unusual thing the thermometer is 108
and the heat takes all the energy out of me
Aug 16 To day leave for a new camp ground three
miles off a very nice place under cotton wood
trees by the side of a slough The Bishop boys have
promised to join us and go for a deer hunt but
The Dutchman has come along without an invitation
and gives promise to being an abominable nuisance
This slough is only 3 or 6 in deep at most places
and a great many Wood Ducks gather here their
mode of works seems to be that they start at one end
of the slough and march along altogether with their
bills open and in the water as to drive the fish
before them sometimes when a fish is caught
the fortunate one will fly a little way in
front and so get time to swallow it before
the whole flock come up but they seem rather

awkward birds often letting the bird fish drop. They repeat the drive once or twice and then rest. The feeding time is before eight in the morning and tho not shy they are not bold as if we went to the water edge they would turn and drive back after the feeding if disturbed they would fly off and it was because of that we could not get a photo of them. Frank was out hunting early in the morning and the light was also too weak and we set the camera but when Frank tried to drive them as he could have done early in the morning they took to their wings. We stayed here two days and got no deer. The last morning Frank got a fine Coyote and the Bishop boys left and we pulled out for Chuckwalla Mountain. First going to Hodges to fill up with water. Now from Ehrenburg to McJannet is 15 miles and from there to Hodges is 4 miles. At Hodges we saw two men one said it was 35 miles to Chuckwalla a good road and plenty of water. The other man said it was 45 miles and an awful road and no water.

so we have to go on with practically no information
except that the last man seems to be the best informed
the neither of them have ever been there so now
we start and we have a very poor supply of food
with us for the Hodges keep a store we cannot get
beans flour nor bacon. Our first stage is along
these bottom land for three or four miles and then
we strike some bad sand to get up on the mesa
but they have cordaroyed the road a little way
especially up a pretty good hill with branches
of Mesquite thrown down and sand thrown on top
we use the three horses and get on to a mesa that
is pretty good traveling it is the kind of country
they Malapais it is small & stony ground
the stones turned black on the upper side with
the sun. We traveled a plain road rising gradually
for about 8 miles, Hodges mine being nine miles
~~on~~ here we came to the conclusion we had
missed the way so sent Carl on ahead to see
if ~~we~~ could strike the road as we wanted
to turn off more to the left and this road

seemed to go right into the mountain where the
mine was Carl came back with rather a con-
fused information but plainly showing that there
was no good traveled road up there so we had
to turn back and try and strike the main
road which we must have missed ~~see~~ This
country is like so much of the country near
the foot of Hills rolling hillocks with narrow
little washes between and Frank ^{came to a place he} had to cross
one as we had just seen a cross road which
seemed to go in the direction we wanted to go it
was a nasty steep pitch and I got out Frank
got down all right but in trying to get up George
balked as he has done before Poor Dick strugled
on but it was more than he could do and the
whipple tree broke This is our first accident
and of course it happens in about as bad
a place as possible for crossing the desert with
waters a long way between is a serious matter
However I began to cook supper and right
on the edge of the gulch was a Ironwood tree
so Frank cut down a good limb and right

made a new whipple tree fixed up a kind of road out and after supper we got the wagon up altogether we may have been delayed an hour but it is moon light so we travel right. two or three miles further we strike the main road. we cannot think how we missed it in the first place only at one place the road ran through a wash and the road had been washed out I will draw and



Hodges.

draw how it was if I can Frank says this is nearly right we traveled along a pretty good road till we got into the pass then for perhaps two miles sand pretty bad in places ~~then~~ then we struck a piece of good road smooth enough to travel with a bicycle perhaps three miles a range of hills loomed in the distance we drove through

the washes and passed again for a mile or two then struck the main flat plain miles and miles in extent nothing but the same old desert plants sometimes we crossed a wash with Yalla Verde Dialia spinosa and Iron wood trees but we stopped at twelve at night having traveled about 21 miles from Hodges and four miles from Hodges to the slough.

Aug 19 Slept two hours and a half and started before sun up we are in a kind of wash and travel through it most of the day it is hard pulling as it is up hill all the way occasionally we strike a rocky piece of road and sometimes a good piece we have three horses on most of the day our Iron wood whipple tree stands well a very weary day tho it is not very hot and we get to Chuckwalla about four in the afternoon we rested from twelve till two and gave the horses the last of the water. Chuckwalla puts me in mind [In many places there is fine washes with Iron wood trees that look as if Palmetto flowers somewhat it is just such as the Deer ought to be plentiful we see tracks but no Deer. a little more in the mountains tho there is no

surface water here as there. The water is in
a well about 6 feet down. in a few places
there is a damp place in the sand where birds
can get a drink. But none of the places are
scratched out and. no sign of deer or mountain
sheep in one place Frank thinks there is a Fox
track. The Chuckwalla mountain itself is
devoid of vegetation a bare forbidding jagged
mountain we cannot discern a shrub on the
whole mountain. Looking through the glass. round
the well are a few Mesquite trees Iron wood
and Palo Verde with the usual grey desert
shrubs. There is also the ruins of an old stone
building or two which at one time was a station
for this is an old stage road from Los Angeles
to Prescott. ^{We drove 18 miles to day} Aug 20 Left Chuckwalla about $\frac{1}{2}$ past
three and drove over a good road some parts was
very good a very gradual rise till supper time
when we cross the ridge and from that time we
go gradually down till we drove till twelve
and made 22 miles Aug 21 This morning we do
not get started till $\frac{1}{2}$ past five we are all very

tired and I am sorry to say that I gave out.
We passed Cañon Spring about 10 in the morning a place
that used to be a stage station. We have been told that
an earthquake made the spring dry up and we
did not find any water there. Frank killed a
rattlesnake and I was feeling so bad that I thought
I would ride horseback for a little way but did not
keep up long. This Cañon is a very long one
and ~~some~~ sandy most of the way. It is narrow
at the beginning and very gradually widens out
and does not end till nearly to Dos Palms.
It seems mostly sandstone rock. Perhaps half
way through there is a fork in the road going
to some mines. The sign board said To Sterling
Granite & Boulder and Mill Spring. Signed at
the bottom H. Santee. We have heard since that
H. Santee is a ("Fellow who has taken up every ledge
he can find he's taken up about 4000") Probably
Homer Santee of Santee. We have also heard since
that on the opposite side of the Cañon from where
the old buildings and camping ground is a third
of a mile back through the cliffs is still a little

water. we stoped for dinner at under the shade
of a huge rock which looked as tho it was the
very last of the canyon it was here that I gave
out after getting dinner for my tired men folks
I just colapsed. Frank made me a bed up in the
wagon and got me as far as Dos Palms where there
was a locked up house and Barn. nobody around
so Frank fed the horses and made every thing
as comfortable as possible. got hot sand and
fastened round my waist to ease the pain. There
is two palms here right enough but it is six
miles from the station which is Salton. Dos
Palms station has had to give way to Salton
even the post office is taken away and we
had sent ~~our~~ word to have our mail sent
to Dos Palms that being the oldest station on
the desert so we have not got any letters at all
and dont expect to be able to get any till we
get to Witch Creek. Salton is quite a busy
place considering the salt works are employ-
ing 50 men mostly Indians and Chinese
I heard say they sent out 75 car loads of salt

last ~~month~~ month but do not know how
reliable my informant is. It took three hours
Aug 22 to go six miles from Dos Palms to Salton
deep heavy sand for two ^{last} miles took three hours
It is 110 to day and it has been 126 we are told
The Store Keeper kindly gave me some whiskey
as we have none having broken the bottle
long ago He is coming to look at our things
Presently his sisters father in law being Hatch
who wrote Birds of Minnesota and he
helped him so is somewhat interested. There
is no kind of house entry here that we can get
in. The Team Driver of the Red Cloud Stage
Co came in in the afternoon and tells Frank
that there is Sheep about 40 miles from
here and he the driver killed one a night or
so ago Frank is very much inclined to go and
try I am too sick to move on but if I am
well enough to be left to morrow he may
leave me here with Carl while he tries
for the last time for Sheep Aug 23 Frank

Started off this morning Carl and I camp under
a shed. I am the only white woman here and
am too sick to write much. In the afternoon
a man came in who had passed Frank in
the morning he gave me a nice drink of Port-wine
for we have nothing temporary to eat in camp
When Frank went to the Bishop's he bought me
some flour. M^{rs} Bishop said that it was impos-
sible to keep flour a year as they had to without
weevils getting in it and she sifted the flour
she sent me but I saw there was some in
and rather turned my nose up at it but we
bought some flour here and it is just full
of rat and mice manure which is much
worse Carl is very much disgusted.

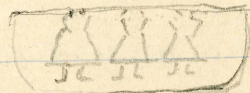
Aug 24-25-26-27 Nothing to note but the
weather. Thermometer reaching ^{to 114} 112 in the shade
each day I am still very much under the
weather and Frank has not got back yet-
we have not heard any thing of him.
Salton is 265 ft below sea level so it is marked
up.

September 7th

We are home again now and I have to go back for hard times made it impossible for me to keep up with my Diary and perhaps I may not remember dates and some things quite correctly now

Aug 28 Frank came home this day bringing the good news of success having killed three mountain sheep and bringing in two other sheep skulls. It seems that sheep are quite plentiful a few miles away from Corn Spring but are a good deal hunted for meat. The fine of 500 dollars make the people cautious. Soon after Frank got home I noticed that George the horse who had been left at home was sick but not very bad and we hoped that he would soon get over it. Our first sick horse on the journey. Aug 29. The weather so hot and I am so poorly George is better but not well. Frank thinks we had better get out of this just as quick as we can. So after getting off

his mountain sheep we hitch up and start
for Figtree John's we cross over the salmon
Lake at the north end so we do not have
to go so far round as Walters. Neither do
we touch Agua Dulce. Figtree John is 10 miles
across a very rough uncomfortable road.
It looks as tho it is quite impassable in
winter and in one or two places there was
signs of foot wagons being bogged also a
couple of broken rigs were lying by the road
side which is only an Indian road. At Fig
tree Johns we saw an old Indian woman mak-
ing baskets but she had none finished. I think
she must have been a good hand at the work. But
what I saw showed the deterioration of basketry
for the one nearly finished was of a ugly oblong
shape with petticoated women as a pattern
and they were without heads in this fashion



The material that the old woman used was differ-
ent from any I had seen used before. it was a

Long thin rush not thicker than a broom straw
and 5 ft long I have seen the rush growing often
in her house she had several bundles of the
rushes all beautifully bleached she learned
to dampen them when she used them a to split
them in three and take the pith out they looked
beautifully even and strong and with an awl
she built up her basket stick by stick the one
she was working on had only the flat bottom
done which was a foot across so far as I
could understand she intended to make
a ~~flat~~^{other} shaped one and would ask 10 dol for
it she understood perfectly the value of
baskets. After leaving her we went 3 miles
further to Fish Spring a bad road across
sand dunes and sand most of the way Fish
Spring is on our left I did not see the spring
itself but it is among some mesquite trees
We stayed the night there. Frank & Carl went
to the spring to have a bath but they told me
that after going through some thick tules
they came to the water and it was deep right

to the edge and filled with a kind of water
plant Frank tried first and slid in the
water but could not find bottom he
clung to the edge and reached in under
the bank with his feet and could tell
that the thin bank was just a mass of
rocks that over hung the water and good-
ness knows how far he did not leave go
for he might have been drawn under
and never have got out soon after we camped
Sugtree John came along an old Indian with
a pleasant ugly face he told us where to
find grass for the horses and said he owned
the land for three miles further on.

Aug 30. On this day our most trying on the trip
we drove 18 miles I was very tired and sick
George is weak and ill The old mare who
was to have had a rest after going back to
corn spring has to work in Georges place and
is giving out but we must get along The
two front wheels of the wagon begin to
be in a very bad shake and no wonder

the point at San Onofre and
soon comes on the land, passes
San Luis Rey Mission, Escondido
and ends at San Pasqual.
One starts, dotted, at San Juan
Capistrano, becomes solid
back of the San Onofre hills
and nearly to (back of) San
Luis Rey Mission, dotted
from there, then upper San
Pasqual Valley, just west
of Ramona, double from
South of Ramona to
Luis Descanso. Then solid.

One starts near Miramar,
runs a little east of north
to Hillier on Palomar. One
green, dotted starts at Sweet-
water Reservoir, runs, dotted,
north east then Jomacha,
Delmar, El Cajon, up the

all morning and part the afternoon we follow
the south side of Salton lake seeing Salton
and Dos Palms stations on the opposite side
we work George and Flora alternately but
They can hardly get along and we have contin-
ually to stop to rest at length George cannot
do any more work of any kind and Carl
who had been riding him had to get off
and walk as George has begun to totter
and we were afraid he would fall so
he comes on behind and sometimes I get
out and urge him and sometimes Carl
does and we at last turn the corner for
the road is in the shape of a V or rather ∇
and evening comes on Frank has not been
here for ten years and does not know the
country very well. He tell us a tale about
a man from San Bernadina or Riverside
who was lost out here and never found. Which
is likely. At length just about sun down
we come to a wash which shows signs
of recent rains it also has ~~some~~

washed out the road in most places so
we have to go on by Frank's small knowledge
of the country. Presently it grows dark and
we trudge slowly along. George is tied behind and
Carl gets in and stuns while Frank walks
before trying to show us the way to go. At last
Frank is a little puzzled which side of a bush
to go so asks for the lantern and of course
it will not light it is nearly empty. Carl
used it last night it went out on him and
he put it away without refilling so we
have to get out the oil can and fill up. Then
we find that water has got into the oil and
it won't light we try again and again
at last it goes a little and we see which
way to go but the road is quite lost only
it is a wash and Frank is pretty sure
he is right. Frank now takes the lantern
and goes before and Carl can see a
little which way to steer but it is
very wearing work and every black
thing that comes up in front is skinned

to try to make it out as a palm at last when we are fairly worn out a tall black object comes in sight that's the palm or I'll eat my hat said Carl and sure enough it was so the poor jaded horses are eager to get to water and a very few minutes takes to get them out of the harness and to the water. Two pails of water for George and the last of the grain for here another anxiety begins we have been so long on the road and the horses so tired that we have had to give them all the grain to help and from now on we are without

Aug 31. Frank was up before five this morning and took the horses about $\frac{1}{2}$ a mile to where he knows there is water for from here on is familiar ground to him and Carl is told off to see to them entirely. ~~They are brought in to water~~ George got loose and came along early and Dick came with him to get water which we think showed that George knows where he is for he has been here once before. He looks a little better. By dinner time I am nearly played out as I have to make biscuits and do several things and the journey is telling on me

The water too we did not notice at last
night but this morning we try to drink
it without tasting if possible. It is
vile. ~~After dinner we start on again.~~
This 14 Palms spring is in what we call
the bad lands country just a hole dug by
the side of the road. There is 14 Palms all
told but about 7 or 8 large ones. They have
been sadly mared by being burnt the trunks
all black and charred. Frank says it is
done just for mischief to see the dead leaves
at top flare but I have somewhere heard
it was an Indian custom. We leave soon
after noon as we must get on for the horses
must have something to eat and we shall
never get better while we are in this hot place
for it is as hot as ever. On leaving we go
through nearly a mile of bad sand. The three
horses hitched on indeed the whole days drive
has bad roads and we go very ~~slowly~~ slowly
about ^{perhaps 3 miles} 5 miles we pass some hills on
our left that has some queer greenish looking
formation on them and Frank says that he
thinks they may be fossils and would like
to look them up some day. This is a level
desert plain all day with desert shrubs

and we have got above sea level again and
come to cactus before night Frank has been
here before and leaves the road which is
very sandy and strikes across the ~~bar~~
traveling is a little better that way he
makes for two small rocky looking
points that rise up in the middle of the
plain they are 6 miles from the palms
and it is at these points that Frank found
so much fossilized wood we got out of the
wagon and looked round Frank took a
photo of some logs that ~~we~~ were lying there
how I wish we could have employed a
little more but we must get on I go round
but can hardly manage to The water
or something has upset the horses and
they have diarrhea and Carl and Frank
are not much better so we move on
George is well enough to carry Carl some
times I lie in the wagon after a while Carl
rides too and the horses crawl on Frank
intends getting to a place where he knows

There is plenty of Giant grass for we
have no horse feed now. This grows always
in sandy places we get there by dark and
glad enough to rest. The horses have a good
drink of water that we have brought
from the Palms but we begin to turn from
it. It was not so bad at first but there seems
to be so much salt in it that tho we drink
our thirst is not slacked. ^{we drive 9 miles}
Sep 1. We are feeling pretty sick all of
us Frank makes me a nest in the wagon
he wishes to go to a tank in which he hopes
to find water. Tho he is not sure of it I am
too sick to notice much. It is 9 miles to
the tank. There is two ways to go. to go to
Braga spring where there is water or to
this tank where there may be water. The
last is the best way if we can get on hill
^{at first if we go to Braga we have to come several miles back.}
Then tho it is a little the longest we get to
the wash and the ocotea looks green it
is in leaf and Frank thinks by the look
of things that there has been rain if so the
tank may be full when we get there.

Frank and Carl have to go and dig the sand away for it is the habit of desert travelers to cover up water in these kind of places with the sand to keep the water from evaporating as much as possible I lay in the wagon quite prostrated by this time and we had only a little of the nauseous water of 14 Palms left and it no longer seemed to help us for our lips were parched and our tongues close to the roof of our mouth at least mine did and I know Frank's did we took just a mouthful and let it stay in our mouth as long as possible when Carl came back he said there was a very little water in the tank but it was quite undrinkable for us but he took the horses to it and they each had a pailful. Then Frank told Carl to take the canteen and ride George to Santanac's well six miles further on and come back and meet us with some water for the not good water still it was better

than what we had had Carl took a good
drink and went off Frank put the horse
in and we started off once more up
a gentle slope but sandy he would
go a few steps then turn and fan
me go on a little and fan me again
and so on. It took ^{nearly} ~~about~~ three hours
to go and what a joyfull sound it was
when we heard George winning to our
horses for he heard us before we saw
him Carl spoke quite cheerful he had
got some water for us and gave us the
pleasant news that Santenac and some
surveyors were at the well and would
be there that evening and we hoped that
we might be able to buy something for
the horses to eat and sure enough when
we got there so tired and worn out we
were able to get some hay for them and
there was a very few Mesquite leaves under
the trees for the surveyors turned out
to be government employees like our-

selves very pleasant men and one Dr
Merriman's second cousin sent me some sour
wine which improved the water for me
very much here we are much higher and
the evening is a little cool and we all feel
better for we know we can get through
now the horses are very wear and their
shoulders are sore but I do not think they
are any worse but somewhat better than
yesterday and day before Sep 2nd off

This morning before the other government
outfit we have to go up a pretty steep hill
and down another to get into San Felipe
valley how good it looks to look down
into the familiar valley it seems almost
home We just hate to go through Julian
so Frank makes up his mind that if it
is possible he will drive through There
is night tho it will be a hard drive and
we do it 21 miles when we get to
the banner grade it is getting dark and
we drive up there with the three horses
on I walk ahead and as far as I can

tell them where the road runs for under
the trees it is pitch dark. we camp a
mile or so beyond Julian and it seems
cold and I take out our heavy blankets
and Frank & Carl are very glad of
them oh how good the pure water is,
and that I think is about all I have
to say for we are a pretty de-lap-ed looky
lot when we get to Jim Woods our front
wheels are almost ruined the spokes
are all loose Carl is in rags the horses
are thin as they can be they have sore
shoulders and there heads hang down
still we are all safe no loss and
a few days will rest us all up again
and we shall be ready for another
journey 1

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